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Dowagiac Union School.
This school is now well established, graded and classified on the plan of the best schools of this State, and under the supervision of T. N. WELLS, will give perfect satisfaction to its patrons. The school year will be divided into three terms. The Fall term of 15 weeks will commence on MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1859.

Terms of Tuition—Foreign Scholars.
Primary, \$2.00. Senior, \$2.50.
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T. N. WELLS, Director.
Dowagiac, Dec. 15th, 1859. 40225-3571

WANTED!
YOUNG MEN, of good education and regular habits, 3 young ladies of pleasing address and a number of middle aged Gentlemen, to make selections and purchases from a well assorted stock of Books, Stationery and Paper Hangings, which can always be found at
ALWARD'S BOOKS TORE,
Dowagiac, June 16th, 1859.

From the New York Mercury.

Look up at that Flag.

BY JOSEPH BARBER.

Look up at that flag, as it ripple and sway
On the roofs of our cities—the ships in our bays;
Count the stars, count their cost, count their glories
—aye, do—
And then dare, ye "dissolvers," to tear it in two!

Look abroad on the land—gaze the beauty and worth
Of the envy, the wonder, the glory of earth—
And then seize what bond binds would shrink to undo
—aye, do—
And, with Washington's sword, cut the compact in two.

The arch-demon, for treason from Paradise hurled,
Who dissolved the first union 'twixt God and the world,
As he triumphed in Eden, will triumph anew
In that hour—should it come—when our one shall be two.

Away with such threatenings! On Liberty's soil!
Shall her sons break her image—her temple despoil?
It cannot, it will not, it must not be true!
Whom God joined together, shall never be two.

The Fatal Token.—A Romance of American History.

[Continued.]

All was now still within and without the house, when the door of the room where Harry was to have slept, was cautiously opened, and the two villains crept into the room.

"Curse it! what are we to do for a light?" said Bob.

"Hush! he'll hear you—feel for the bed. I'll secure his sword and clothes, and get the letter, while you quiet him if he attempts to resist."

"Hang it—I don't like such a dark business. On the pirate ship all was above board. No skulking—fair fight and no quarter."

"Well, any how, make haste. I believe there was something in the brandy we got in the bar-room, for my head's topsy-turvy."

"Hold up, my hearty—here's the chair, and a candlestick on it, but no candle."

At this moment there was a loud groan from the bed, and the two men paused.

"Thunder! what's that?"

"He's dreaming—a sign of unquiet sleep. On him at once, and end the business."

They reached the bed, and stabbed the person in it, while reiterated screams of "Murder!" "Thieves!" "Robbers!" at length roused the house—and the murderers attempted to escape—but, overcome with drink, Jem fell over the chair, and lay sprawling on the floor—while at the same time Pat entered with a light, and Katy in her night-cap.

"Well, to be sure!" screamed the landlady, "what's all this? What are ye after, ye murdering thieves? Ye locked me up that ye might rob folks—did ye? What for do ye stand shiverin' there, Pat Murphy? Why don't ye call the watch? Oh, dear!"

seeing the knife in Bob's hand, "by the Holy Virgin! if they haven't kilt the poor lad!"

"Och! by the powers! the jentleman has desaved me; and we shall all be hung!" said Pat, wringing his hands.

Katy seized the light, and rushing up to the bed, pulled down the cover, but immediately burst into a fit of laughter. "The woman's mad!" said Bob, trying to rouse his comrade.

"And did ye think ye'd kilt him, ye villains? Stop a bit and look at the body! Och! but I shall die laffin'!" Here, take him, ye thaves, but handle him tenderly," saying which she seized a bundle of rags formed into the shape of a human body, and threw it at the terrified Bob. "Och! but he's turned into a ghost mighty quick, Mr. Grasp. Now, be afther making yerselves scarce or the house will be too hot to hold ye—and Pat, ye coward, come to bed, for ye can't stand for the whisky that's in ye—while I go and see what's become of the lad."

Bob sneaked off, dragging his stupid friend companion after him. No sooner were they gone; than the face of the pedlar immersed from under the bed, and seeing all clear, drew himself up and called out, "Lucy!" while a closet in the room opened at the same time, and Lucy's voice, half-choked with laughter, called out, "David! are they all gone?"

"Yes, come out, Lucy," and he danced about the room, singing—
"Yankee Doodle, keep it up,
Yankee Doodle dandy;
You're the gal to fill a cup
With laudanum mixed with brandy."

"Do hold your tongue, David," said the laughing girl, "and come down to let Mr. Morgan out. It's near day-break, and who knows but those villains will follow him if he don't escape before light."

In a short time, Harry, who had passed a sleepless night, was on horse-back, pursuing his journey with the pedlar. As they left the yard of the inn, a man enveloped in a black cloak

stepped from behind a large pillar that supported the roof, and looking after the retreating horsemen, hissed again through his closed teeth—"Thwarted in this—yet that letter I will have yet—she shall yet be mine—and, Harry Morgan, we shall meet again!"

CHAPTER IV.

THE STRATAGEM.

"And now you are safe upon the highway, Mr. Morgan, so that I can return with an easy conscience. Yet if there is anything I can do for you, please tell me, for it is a pleasure to serve you."

"Thank you, Mr. Hoyt. There is one thing you can do if you are returning through the country. I have a wife there; a young fair creature who had never known sorrow until our parting. The news of my skirmish a few days since, may have reached her ears and given her needless alarm as to my safety. I penned a few lines to her last evening, to quiet her mind; but on searching for the letter this morning I found it had mysteriously disappeared. The wound I have received in the encounter, occasions me much uneasiness and pain; and a slight fever is in my veins. Should I be taken ill on my arrival at the camp (which God forbid at this important crisis), I have promised to send for her. Now, Mr. Hoyt, the loss of this letter has caused me to suspect the fidelity of one in whom I have trusted. Can I then confide in you—will you deliver my message?"

"That I will, Mr. Morgan."

"Thank you—accept this for your trouble,"—handing him money.

The pedlar took it, looked at it, and said to himself, "There's some man who has 'rascal' written on their forehead as clear as daylight, and some that we know to be honest, if we meet 'em in the pitch dark,"—and returning the money, he said, "Take it back."

"Will you not then do my errand, Mr. Hoyt?"

"Won't I? try me. Give me your letter, Sir, and take back your gold. Hark ye. I've seen the poor American lads walk en masse barefoot ten full miles to beat back the 'rascals' of their rights. I've seen 'em go hul duls without eating nothin' but parched corn, and drinkin' nothin but water. If ye want to give away yer overabundance—give it to them; but never shall it be said of David Hoyt that he tuk a farthing from them that's fightin for their country! No, there's good enough to be had other ways. Now give me the letter, sir, and I'll guard it with my life."

The young soldier was greatly affected at the words and conduct of the pedlar. Grasping his hand, he pressed it as he would that of a dear friend, and with a tear in his eye, placed the letter in his hand, which he had hastily written in pencil. And they parted—the one rode on toward the city, and the other returned to the tavern.

On the same road, a short time after two men met, the one a gay handsome looking man in black, the other a coarse looking individual in a grey suit.

"Thomas," said the man in black, "how was it that the potion you administered did not take effect?"

"Captain," returned the other, "it's no manner of use. I tell you he bears a charmed life. Either some angel or devil has him in keeping; for two years as you well know has every snare been laid for him but without effect. You seek his life; but my revenge is deeper, deadlier. I would have him live—live to suffer tortures greater than popish superstition ever invented. I will not aid in his death, Captain Vernon, but in the other matter, speak the word and I am your sworn ally."

"But what cause have you to hate him, Thomas?"

"What cause! listen. My father and his were neighbors. The one was rich, the other poor. While Harry Morgan, the son of the rich man, rode in his carriage, Thomas Clark, the son of the poor man dug potatoes for his father, the wilful headstrong son of the rich man domineered over the poor farmer's son. One day—I shall never forget it—he struck me! I feel the blow to this day! it harmed not my body, but 'tis branded on my soul. The time has not yet come, but it shall be returned with interest. Well, the two boys grew up to manhood—and now comes the principal part of my story. There was in the neighborhood a girl whom I loved with my whole soul. She scorned me, for her thoughts were fixed on Harry Morgan. Suddenly she disappeared—although he denied it stoutly—I believe that he was the cause and she the victim of her folly. When he left his father's home, it was to car-

ry to his own a being far more beautiful than the day. You well know her, Capt. Vernon. You lost, he gained her. Now mark my plan of revenge. She shall yet be yours. Do you understand now?"

"Thomas, you are a villain."

"Thank you, sir; if there were a mirror before us we might see a pair of them."

"Ha! fellow, because I employ you in my service I will not put up with insolence."

"Of course not," replied the other with a sneer, "you pay well for silence."

"Come, come, the letter man, the letter."

"It will be of no use—you must force one."

"Why, I understood you he was to send for her if ill or wounded."

"So he did—but he has not—and as you say he left the tavern well this morning, your plan and mine both failed—neither dagger nor coup has done its work."

"Well, man, your advice."

"Go yourself, and invent what story you like."

"I—she would not see me."

"Not see her husband's friend—one who can profess to come directly from him."

"No—I know her too well. I've seen her lip curl with scorn too often to venture upon the scheme."

"Well, then, to make a bold stroke and insure success, I will go with you, and leave him to his fate until the time arrives for the last scene in the drama."

It was agreed and they went their way together; but villainy does not always triumph, as will be seen.

About this time General Washington was making vigorous efforts to retain possession of New York, the gaining of which was a great object with the British. The position of the city was so favorable both for the location and the support of an army. Easy access to the ocean—surrounded by water where ships of war could guard every point liable to attack—its bay studded with islands on which temporary forts could be erected to defend it, and the advantages to be obtained from the surrounding country, where rich farms furnished provisions which could be procured at a few hours notice, and above all its increasing wealth and prosperity, made it a desirable acquisition. The British had several strong ships of war off the coast, while the Americans had only a few small frigates to contend against them. Washington had taken up his headquarters in the city, and set all his energies to work to prepare for its defence. Leaving a part of the army in Massachusetts—a small division in Canada—and manning the frigates in the harbor—he retained the largest portion in New York.

Meantime the British were not idle. Their object was to obtain possession of Long Island, where provisions were plenty, and on the 22d of August 1775 they landed at Gravesend. The Hessians were stationed at Flatbush. Here they were attacked by the Americans. The events of the battle are too well known to need a description. The British were victorious, and the Americans compelled to retreat. General Washington fearing that all his plans for defence would prove to be of no avail against the strong batteries of the enemy, determined to withdraw to New York. It was at this period, that Harry Morgan reached the camp, and here we will resume the thread of our narrative.

About four miles from Brooklyn at a short distance from the main road, through what was then called the Flatlands, stood at the time of the war, and is still standing, a large wooden building, two stories in height, with a wing at each end. This building was used for barracks by the British, and was under the immediate care and superintendence of an old woman, acting as house-keeper, who was called by those well acquainted with her Aunt Dolly, and by others, Dame Murray. She had passed her 80th year. Above the common height of woman, her limbs were strong and sinewy as those of a man. She was a daring, bold woman for a long time the terror of the Hessians. Many a tale was told of her dark deeds performed by Dame Murray; and none doubted that blood had often stained a hand not quite so delicate as that of Lady Macbeth. A dingy yellow silk turban was the constant ornament of her head; a blue woolen

skirt and a white dainty short gown profusely frilled adorned her commanding figure.

The coarse rough features of the house-keeper were in great contrast with those of a delicate fair girl who served her as half companion, half-servant, and was sometimes treated with even the tenderness of a daughter. Eyes of the softest blue were well matched with hair of a golden tinge confined under a plain mob cap. She was very pale; not even a tint deep as the lining of a sea shell was ever seen upon her cheek, and a smile never upon her lips; all the avocations of life were performed mechanically; there was no soul, no feeling, no animation in the marble expression of her features. The blossoms of the honeysuckle touched the pale cheek of the girl as she sat at the open window one summer evening, gazing out into the soft moonlight with that same sad look she always wore. At length she turned to Dame Murray, who was knitting in a corner, "Aunt Dolly," said she, "there is a carriage coming up the avenue."

"A carriage, a carriage," said you, Alice? that is something new—a carriage,"—and the dame bustled to the window, while a mischievous kitten ran away with her ball of yarn.

"Ha! what is this—who can these be? Rur, Alice girl, and call that lazy nigger to attend the door. Oh, dear! dear! strangers arriving at this time a'night, and not a chicken in the larder! Alice girl, run! run!"

But Alice replied not—pale as death, with lips quivering and blue, she stood with clasped hands gazing upon the approaching vehicle. "It is he!" she exclaimed. "Yes, yes, and with her."

"What mean you girl?" cried the astonished dame. "Whom is it you expect—who is it—speak!"

"It is Captain Vernon," replied Alice in a choked voice.

"Well, is that all? what is there in his coming to terrify you, child? You have seen him often enough before."

"Ah, too, too often," murmured Alice, in a tone unheard by her companion, who was a little deaf.

"But I never saw you act thus before—what has come over the girl. Ha! ha! what means this?—the Captain has brought a dead woman here."

The carriage had stopped, the steps were let down, and Captain Vernon appeared, bearing the female in his arms—so pale—so corpse-like that the house-keeper had good cause for believing that it was not a living form that she beheld.

"Ho! follow, a light!" he screamed to the black who stood at the door, with eyes and mouth stretched to their utmost extent,—"a light, and tell dame Murray I want her—or no, stop—call Miss Alice here."

Alice was already there—nearly as pale as the insensible burden he bore—she stood speechless in the doorway, awaiting his further orders.

"Alice, you have expected me—you are ready to receive my wife—show me to the room intended for her, and bring some wine. I shall rely upon your care for the night. Remember what I have told you regarding her—she is deranged and you must keep strict watch that she harm not herself or attempt to escape. I must be gone immediately. The enemy have appeared again upon the Flats. Early to-morrow morning I shall return. There, she begins to revive; I would rather she should not see me again to-night; the least thing agitates her when she has these attacks. There, seat yourselves by the bedside that her first look may be upon her own sex. Good bye—be faithful."

He descended the stairs and met the house-keeper in the large hall; she was going to offer her services.

"She is better, much better, Dame Murray, she only needs repose; Alice has promised to stay with her to-night. But let me enjoin upon you not to allow any one—not even one of the servants to enter the room until my return. Should she have one of her fits of derangement, and become ungovernable Alice will call you, when it may become necessary, to—to," in a hurried and agitated voice, "to—use some restraint; but mark me—no violence—as you value my favor and protection, remember that. She is at that time afraid of her dearest friends—even me—she shrinks from, and has a strange idea that I am not her husband. Honor her in all her whims; treat her well, and I will reward you. Ha! the bangle—this will be a stirring night—farewell."

(To be continued.)

The Songs of Home.

AS SING BY MADAME ANNA BISHOP.

Oh, sing once more those dear, familiar lays
Whose tuneful measure every bosom thrills!
They take my heart back to the happy days
When first I sang them on my native hills!

With the fresh feelings of the olden times,
I hear them now upon a foreign shore—
The simple music and the artless rhymes!
Oh, sing those dear familiar lays once more!

Those cheerful lays of other days—
Oh, sing those cheerful lays once more!

Oh, sing once more those joy-provoking strains,
Which, half-forgotten, in my memory dwell!
They send the life-blood bounding through my veins,
And circle round me like an airy spell.

Our native melodies a thrill impart
More deep than notes the feather'd warblers pour!
Fond webs of song, bright-woven with the heart!
Then sing those dear, familiar lays once more!

Those cheerful lays of other days—
Oh, sing those cheerful lays once more!

Long Dresses.

Here is something good from the pen of the Autocrat of the Atlantic:

"But confound the make-believe women we have turned loose in our streets; where do they come from? Why there isn't a beast or a bird that would drag its tail through the dirt in the way these creatures do their dresses. Because a queen or duchess wears long robes on great occasions, a maid-of-all-work, or a factory girl, thinks she must make herself a nuisance through the street, picking up and carrying about with her—bah! that's what I call getting vulgarly into your bones and marrow. Making believe to be what you are not is the essence of vulgarity."

Show over dirt is the one attribute of vulgar people. If any man can walk behind one of these women, and see what she takes up as she goes, and not feel squeamish, he has got a strong stomach. I wouldn't let one of them into my house without serving them as David did Saul at the cave of the wilderness—cut off their skirts!

Don't tell me that a true lady ever sacrifices the duty of keeping all around her sweet and clean, to the wish of making a vulgar show—I won't believe it of a lady.

There are some things which no fashion has any right to touch, and cleanliness is one of these things.

If a woman wishes to show that her husband or father has got money, which she wants and means to spend, but doesn't know how, let her buy a yard or two of silk and pin it to her dress when she goes out to walk, but let her unpun it before she goes into the house; there may be some poor woman that will think it worth disinfecting.

It is an insult to a respectable laundress to carry such things into a house for her to deal with."

The Best Method of Raising and Fattening Hogs.

John Shaats, of Alexander, Genesee Co., N. Y., raises the cheapest and heaviest pigs of any man within my knowledge. His peculiarities are somewhat as follows:

1. Keep the breeding sow pork fat.

2. Begin to feed the pigs as soon as they will eat; new milk at first, then slops, sour milk, apples, cooked and bran shorts stirred in, etc.

3. Never feed the pigs with the sow. Give them an apartment with small openings, that they may eat at their leisure, while the sow can enjoy her own dish at leisure, and not root them out of the trough.

4. Never let them get hungry. At first, feed them six times a day—never less than four.

5. Feed regularly. First feeding at 4 A. M., and at last 5 P. M.—punctually and exactly.

6. Never begin to fatten, but always keep them fat.

7. Cook their food, or let it sour in the swill-barrel, if given raw. Sour apples that have lain in the swill forty-eight hours, they will relish, when they would not touch a fresh one.

8. He uses very little corn—sometimes none; giving only coarse food, such as bran shorts, etc.

9. He uses a judicious cross between the Suffolk and Byfield breeds.

10. He never keeps a pig till it is over a year old, except for breeding purposes.

11. He makes pigs at ten months old, dress over four hundred lbs., four hundred being his average mark.

Sometimes he allows his swine a small range in the best white clover pasture, and at other times he keeps them close from pigchord to porkchord.—Genesee Farmer.

CURE FOR A FELON.—Having nearly lost a finger by one of these excruciating ills to which our flesh is heir, I feel impelled by a sense of duty to proclaim the following remedy. After suffering so much with the one aforesaid, I knew the symptoms too well to be mistaken in regard to them, and after a day and night of torture rose at 2 o'clock and administered the following:—Take a half gill of strong vinegar, dissolve in it a table-spoonful or more of saleratus—heat as hot as the flesh can bear—sunk the fion as long as desirable—repeat the application as often as the pain returns, and a cure is certain. The writer prevented two in this way. To all afflicted we say try it. This remedy must be applied in the first stages, as it is of no avail after it is greatly swollen.

Girl Health.

It will be an immense advantage when the day comes for boys and girls learning and playing together, as children of several foreign countries do. Climbing trees is admirable exercise for everybody; and so is cricket, and racing and jumping. Instead of this